American Women Missionaries and Pioneers Collection

Part 1: Missionaries

The Esther Morse Papers, 1921 – 1965

Series I a

Outgoing Typed Letters

Folder Description:

Correspondence: 1930, Term I, 2

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9/5/30

On Board S. S. President Jackson

En Route to Hongkong

Dear Dick: This is last nite's menu but I tho't I'd wait and give you a tiny bit of our trip to Yokohama today.

We were up early because we were supposed to dock about 6:00 AM. It was a little after tho'. After getting thro with the quarantine and immigration officers we went ashore and to the railroad station, for Tokio was our aim. There were 10 of us in the party and we had as guide a Japanese who had been educated at Princeton with Mr. French (of our party). We saw two temples, the imperial palace (the outside only), the governmental buildings, the museum (war collection chiefly) and one of the large department stores in Tokyo. While we were there quite a bit of lava dust rained down--due to an eruption of a volcano way up north on the island. The streets are quite wide--that is, the main traffic streets--and well improved. All traffic turns to the left instead of to the right-and the pedestrians pay but little attention to cars honking at them--just calmly go along. Most every one--men and women--still wear the wooden sandal held on by strap thro' which the big toe passes. It was a very interesting day.

Your

Aunt Esther.

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(9-5-30)

On Board S. S. President Jackson — En route to Hongkong

Dear Dad:

I happened to be awake when we dropped anchor at 3:30 this AM and didn't sleep after that. Was on deck about 5:00. It was quite light then and the fleet of fishing boats were going out of the harbor. Over 75 were counted at one time and that wasn't nearly all of them. They have a little square fore-sail and a big square main-sail. Miss Bixby said they were the regular 'junks' so often mentioned in literature. The big sails were many of them striped and looked very picturesque.

They tell I must get these mailed if I want to benefit by Americam postage.

Yours

Esh

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9/8/30

On Board S. S. President Jackson — En Route to Hongkong

Dear Folks:

I gave a short description of the trip to Tokyo but don't

recall how much I'd said. Will try to give a resume' of the trip and will you pass it around among you-all--for I forsee I'm going to be rather short of time for correspondence for a little while.

There were ten of us in the party plus a young Japanese minister whom Mr. French has known at Princeton--Mr. Murunaki. Mr. Murunaki had come to the boat specifically to see the French's but was willing to act as our guide--and it was a big advantage to have him for he knew how to get around in Tokyo the quickest and easiest and also how to bargain with taxi men and get us lower rates. Arrived in Tokyo we went first to see the oldest Buddhist temple. The approach to it is old and dusty but the temple itself seemed in good repair. The floor was covered with matting and we had to take off our shoes before we could enter. Within, the main image of Buddha occupied the center of the building--with lighted papers in front of it. Just inside the door was a cabinet on which offerings of food were placed On each side of the center part were smaller Buddhas and in front of these were women worshipping. They knelt on small cushions or mats and pounded rhythmically on small drums. These drums looked like hollow gourds and their note was sort of flat and hollow.

The pillars upholding the roof were plain but nicely polished and had a beautiful grain. They were about 18 in. in diameter and of some native wood--Murunaki didn't know the name. The carvings on the altar and in other parts of the building were elaborate. Leaving the temple we went to see the Imperial Hotel. Rates there are equal to those of any hotel in the U. S. A.--10 to 20 yen per day or $5.00 to 10.00! It is a beautiful building of gray lava rock and some other heavier native stone. The courtyard was a riot of flowers and shrubs.

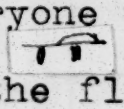
Next we saw the outside of the Imperial Palace--no admission of course. Not even allowed to take any pictures from the driveway but only from the street. I don't know how extensive the grounds are but must be very large for we drove for blocks and blocks--it seemed miles along the wall which encloses them. There is a moat between the wall and the street perhaps as wide as the wall is high--30 or so feet I should estimate. There are trees along the wall inside which hide any except very tall buildings. A guard of soldiery in their Khaki and red uniforms guards the main door or gate--all doors in fact--and some local police in their black and white uniforms patrolled the causeway over the moat.

All along the street edge of the moat are weeping willows and they make a very pretty effect. The next stop was at the Museum. This was partly destroyed in the earthquake in 1923 and the part we saw was in a temporary building, pending completion of a new concrete Museum. We saw chiefly the War collection--old swords and pikes and coats of mail, etc. etc. It was about like any other museum except we couldn't read the tags of the specimens.

Then we went to see the Shinto temple. Emperor worship is observed here. The temple was less ornate but very stately. The court in front of the temple had a white cloth on it where worshippers might throw their offerings. There were numerous coins there when we saw it. The worship consisted of kneeling uncovered before the temple, clapping the hands resoundingly twice, bowing over clasped hands a while and then clapping the hands twice again.

This temple is in a beautiful grove--the trees, both conifers and deciduous trees aren't very large around probably because they are growing so close together. It was very pretty and restful in there.

After lunch we went to see one of the large department stores in Tokyo. It was very modern in all details--elevators, esculators, marble stairways--a playground for kiddies on the roof--the radio on the roof giving the baseball game between the U. of Chicago and a Japanese team and there were many interested listeners--men and women both. From the roof we could look out and see Tokyo as far as the eye could see--in every direction. The yard goods department fascinated me--the bolts of beautiful gorgeous silks--all colors and patterns.

These are the high points in the trip. Some other things of interest to me were the clothes of the people. The men, about half of whom we saw, wear European or American clothes. The rest wear kimonos or tight trousers and coolie coats. The latter are the workingmen chiefly. Saw many straw hats and canes worn with kimonos and getas. The men's kimonos are dark colored chiefly. Their undergarment seemed to be a thin voile suit. Everyone wears an obi or belt. The women's komonas are gay colors, blue, lavendar and purple being the chief colors. The children's kimonas add red and orange to the color scheme. Lots of the tiny kids wore white aprons over their kimonas. Almost everyone wears either the geta--the wooden shoe on stilts, so  ,with the strap to fit over the toes, or else the zori--the flat wooden shoe with the toe strap.

The women don't all do up their hair in elaborate pompadours, tho' we saw quite a few of those. Many are parting their hair and wearing it in soft coils at the nape of the neck. Even saw one marcel and it looked nice, too.

We saw quite a few girls in dark blue skirts and white middies with hair in braids down the back. These, we learned, are government school children--Junior and Senior high age--and they are required to wear uniform clothes. They wore regular shoes and stockings as we are accustomed to see.

The main thorofares are paved with concrete and are quite wide. Street cars and buses take care of traffic in some measure. All traffic is to the left. The taxi drivers drive like mad, honking furiously the while, dodging in and out among pedestrians in a way to turn one's hair gray. The

pedestrains calmly take their own time in crossing in front of cars--seldom saw one hurry.

There are lots of bicycles here--and each one has a carrier on behind--some have trailers and others, side-cars. Saw several fellows pedaling along on bicycles and carrying a loaded tray in one hand--in and out of traffic with apparent ease.

There are traffic signals and cops on the main streets. The older streets and those not disturbed by the quake in '23 are narrow and graveled, or just dirt. Two cars can pass in them. The sidewalks are chiefly a minus quantity and one walks in the street dodging cars and rickshaws,etc.

We didn't get a Japanese lunch that day for it would take so long. Murunaki took us to a hotel and we were served an English meal. As we went in a little Japanese maid showed us to the reception room and served us an amber fluid in small glasses. It is a tea made out of wheat and tastes quite like wheat. Then we were shown to the rest room to clean up a bit. Then we were conducted to the dining room. They had put 3 tables together so we could sit togetner. And then they began to serve us a seven course meal! (1) Cocktail (2) Soup (3) Fish--dipped in batter and fried in deep fat--delicious! (4) Fried chicken and rice. (5) Tender steak, potato balls-fried in deep fat, boiled cabbage, string beans, cheese, tomato and onion and lettuce salad and rolls. (6) Ice cream and wafers and coffee (7) Fruit-bananas, pears, ripe figs, etc. I tasted the ripe fig but didn't especially care for it.

We were so hungry and everyone licked the plates clean. It was a wonderful meal.

Then, back to the reception room and more wheat tea was given us--it would be very discourteous to leave without this. And then we had a taxi called and away we went. The waitresses wore pretty kimonas with white aprons over them.

All day Saturday we sailed along in sight of land. About 4:00 we were near the harbor of Kobe but had to wait for the pilot to take us in. By the time we were docked it was after 5:00. Dr. Dunlap, Katherine and I went up town at onve to shop --at least they shopped and I looked around. I'd made up my mind not to buy anything here. Some of the things in the shops are perfectly gorgeous. Dr. Dunlap got a silk coolie coat for his daughter 'happy coat they call 'em here for about $2.50 in our money and Katherine Jacobson got a 3 piece set --pajamas and coat--for $3.50. The chiffon scarfs are wonderfully beautiful and inexpensive. Values (goods) similar to the above in America would cost $5.00 to $10.00 or more. The cotton coate are $1.50 and some of the designs are very nice. The wool 'happy coats' also may be obtained for about $1.50 and these are even nicer than cotton ones. The enclosed ads were given us as we got off the boat and we went to the Daibutsu store for most of our purchases. Some felt the Koshoi Ishi was better. I don't know.

We came back to the boat for supper and then went shopping and sight seeing again. Got back about 11.00. Very weary!

When we got to Kobe there was a little booklet called the Hainan Alphabet waiting for us--made by Miss McCreery and Miss Moniger. The letter A had a mosquito standing by it and this verse--

A for Anopheles
  Handsome and clever,
Seeking us often,
  Tasting us ever.
Silent it comes,
  Silent it goes,
Perches so softly, &
  Good taste it shows.

B had a picture of a water buffalo by it:

B for the buffaloes,
  Awkward and slow--
Why should we fear them?
  I really don't know!
Yet just to see one,
  Hide, horns and tail,
Sniffing and eyeing us,
  Makes our hearts quail.

C--with picture of centipede:

C for the centipede,
  Almost all legs.
"Now don't you bite me,"
  Everyone begs.
Keep the tongs handy,
  Pick it up slick--
But also ammonia,
  If it's too quick.

D had picture of scrub buckets:

D for the dirt
  Any old kind
Scattered round everywhere--
  Sure you don't mind?
Smells to high heaven,
  Odors galore--
From the old dump heap
  To the dirt floor.

E--picture of black board and student:

E: for exams
  On Hainanese,
Tones, rhythm, idiom,
  All things Chinese.
I'll tell you a secret
  If you won't tell--
It's morally certain
  You'll each one do well.

F--pictures of fans:

F for the fans--
  (You don't use them now)
But beginning by April
  You'll surely learn how.
Some are of feathers,
  Some of bamboo, per--
Some, too, of paper--
  Which will suit you?

G--picture of a Chinaman:

G for the gestures
  To help out the talk,
Show what you'll buy
  Or where you will walk.
Some are quite graceful,
  Some just to use.
It's a wise thing in China
  The art not to lose.

H--map of Hainan:

H for Hainan
  Island of poems,
Sometimes of storms,
  More often of calms.
Soon you will love it,
  Pearl of the sea,
Out of all China
  The best place to be.

I--pictures of bugs and worms:

I for the insects,
  Found day and night,
Flying about us,
  Source of delight(?)
Beautiful colors,

Daintiest wings,
One can't imagine
More exquisite things.

J--picture of many things--
houses and folks and animals:

J for the jumble
Of queer sights and sounds,
From ropemaking coolies
To big round grave mounds.
From the street vendor
With his strange cry,
To polite callers
Bowing goodbye.

K--kerosene cans-candles, etc.

K for kerosene tin,
Uses galore--
Tin roof or dipper,
Lamp for the store.
Dustpan or stovepipe,
Oil pump or ladle,
Saddle or scarecrow,
Or baby's cradle.

L--picture of coolie with mail sacks:

L for the letters
All of us write
Telling the home folks--
Words fail us quite.
L for the letters
All of us get--
No matter how ancient,
We want them yet.

M--picture of pt in bed with malarial chill:

M for malaria,
That sweet spice of life--
You really can't dodge it,
With mosquitoes so rife.
It brings you much pity
As well as pain,
And leaves you as smiling
As sun after rain.

N--picture of two Chinese:

N for the natives,
Young, mature, old--
Many afraid of you,
Some 'most too bold.
All of them human
Like you and me,
All of them needing
A vision to see.

O--picture of Chinese boats:

O for the outings
Ordered each year
By the stern doctors
All of us fear.
Most of us travel
Just to Hongkong
See dentist and grocer--
Bills are so long!

P--picture of several sun helmets:

P for pith hats
Whose styles scarcely change.
In fact they've no need to,
With such a wide range.
Helmets or toupees,
Paper or pith--
You hear, "How becoming"--
But know it's myth.

Q--picture of horn and fire-crackers:

Q for the quiet
You wish to attain.
(There's not must of whistles,
No rumbling of train)
But shrieking of bugle,
And yelling of men,
Popping of crackers,
And drums now and then.

R--picture of cockroach:

R for the roaches
(Surname is cock).
Kitchen or pantry
Is home to a flock.
Wardrobe or bureau
Is used for a bunk;
Make all book bindings
Look like just junk.

S--picture of a sail boat--

S for the sacks
Now sails for boats

Or coolie's trousers
  And summer coats.
Once filled with flour,
  Now filled with men--
Which is the better,
  Now or as then?

T-picture of Chinese words and
  teacher:

T for tones
  And also for teacher.
You have use for both,
  Whether doctor or preacher!
Of the first there are seven,
  The second but one.
After a session with either--
  The work's just begun.

U--picture of small boy:

U for the urchins
  Everywhere seen,
Always so skinny,
  Rarely real clean.
Some happy and smiling,
  Some drooping and sick,
All watching the strangers,
  Crowded 'round thick.

V--picture of vegetables:

V for vegetables
  Raised in Hainan
Leaves, stems or tubers--
  Eat all you can.
Some haven't any taste,
  Some have too much--
Find what you like
  And then stick to such.

W--picture of coolie with
  wheelbarrow:

W for wheelbarrows,
  With happy squeak.
What tales they could tell
  If only they'd speak!
Of big bags of sugar,
  Of boards or bamboo,
Of big pigs or small ones,
  And passengers too.

X--blank supposed to represent
  an X-ray picture!

X for X-rays
  And X-rays machines.
The one in Nodoa
  Has seen some strange scenes.
When patients see
  Heart, lungs or liver
I really don't wonder
  The thing makes them shiver.

Y--picture of year signposts
  stretching into distance:

Y for the years
  Which soon roll away,
I'm sure you think five
  A long time to stay.
Two years for study
  Fly by too fast,
Three years for work,
  And furlough at last!

Z--picture of big store (Zong-Ang):

Z for Zong Ang
  Our friends in Hongkong,
Universal providers--
  We've known them long.
Pickles or bathtub,
  Yeast cake ,tinned meat,
Tooth brush or wrist watch.
Supply is complete.

Isn't that a clever thing? Miss Moniger wrote the verses and Miss McCreery made the illustrations.

There is on board a Miss Rice who goes to Shanghai who is a sister to Mrs. Tappan who is at Kachek. Miss Rice has been in Hainan a few times and has kindly given me some additional information about the island and the workers there.

Sunday we spent coming thro' the Inland Sea. This is the body of water lying between two of the largest islands of Japan.

There are hundreds of small islands in this sea and they were close on every side. The helmsman had the wheel all the time thro' here and the automatic steerer was detached. These islands were mostly green with trees but in some places showed the bare rock and their formation by ancient upheavals. Along here we could see whole hillsides terraced and used for cultivation--hillsides steeper even than those around Starbuck!

About dusk we came to the narrowest part--the straits of Shimonoseki. Everyone was on deck to watch while we went thro'--on either sides the flickering lights of cities--Moji on the left and Shimonoseki on the right--behind, the dark outlines of the hills of the islands with a haze settled in the valleys--the full moon finally casting a white unreality over the scene--the flickering red and green lights which marked the course--the foamy wake of the vessel, visible now because of the curved course--the moon seen first on the left and later on the right. It was a lovely scene. Dr. Dunlap says it has no equal in the East.

All day today we've been crossing the sea between Japan and China--except to dock at Shanghai in the morning.

Morning--September 9.

Awaked about 4:00 by a dreadful clatter--we have arrived in Shanghai.

Expect to go ashore and to the offices of the China Council. Then Dr. Dunlap has an excursion planned. I'm so glad we can be with him for he has had some 20-odd years of experience in the Orient and knows so many persons and so many ways of being helpful to such greenhorns as I am.

By the way, I wanted to tell you this--No fewer than six persons had asked me, in one way or another, about my field, etc. and seemed surprised when I said this was my first trip over. I attributed it chiefly to the fact that I look older than the average newly appointed missionary. But I asked Dr. Dunlap about it the other day and he said he had been waiting for me to ask that--that two persons had questioned him and doubted this was my first time across. He said there were two reasons, the first that I acted like a seasoned traveler, went my way quietly and didn't talk so much that I gave my ignorance away! The second reason he refused to give but when I mentioned my age he said--"Well, you are more mature than some"--so I think that was probably his second reason.

September 10--We have had a day in Shanghai and came back to the boat last nite <u>completely</u> worn out with sightseeing and the many impressions received during the day--visual and auditory and olfactory!

Will try to describe the day some other time.

My love to all of you.

Your Esther.

(9-9-30)

On Board S. S. President Jackson En Route to Hongkong

Dear Folks: This is another word to be passed along--please. Will try to give you the high lights of what we saw in Shanghai. First of all--the Yangstze river is saffron yellow in color--and is odorous. I never smelled so many smells in a short time as I did in Shanghai--and such smells! Of food, decaying, cooking or whatever, of refuse and excreta, of all sorts of dirt of humanity, the unwashed variety, and then at least fifteen smells I'd never smelled before and was unable to classify! Of all the smells I ever smelled, I never smelled smells like those smells smelled!

Shanghai isn't half as picturesque as Tokyo--no gay kimonas, no cute shoes, fewer pretty women, more naked humanity (and despite the protestations of some I have seen but few 'human forms divine'!) But it is interesting. In the foreign quarters, esp. the British and American quarters, the houses have no screens and there are neither flies nor mosquitoes! I was amazed.

The Board persons who met us were Mr. and Mrs Wells, Miss Frame, Mr. and Mrs. Patton and Mr. Steiner. The first five of these are members of the China Council and are resident in Shanghai. Mr. Steiner is a Council member from Hainan. Of course, all the new missionaries were subject to much scrutiny and talking to (and over). I don't know what they think of us but certainly everyone gave us a warm and royal welcome. We had lunch, tea and dinner at the home of Mr. Wells--and the meals were wonderful and so welcome after two weeks and more of shipboard fare--good as this is. Mr. Wells arranged a tour of the city and personally cinducted it. We saw a Buddhist temple-- in a badly run down condition--a sharp contrast to the tidy one in Tokyo. There one felt they were more or less adequately supplied religiously, tho' perhaps, not as we would believe; here, one felt the people certainly needed something far more vital than they had. Then we saw, in rapid succession--St. Mary's Episcopal school for girls. the McTeire school for girls (Methodist), a privately endowed school for the blind, St. Johns University (Episcopal), a Catholic school and the observatory from which weather observations for this part of the coast are made, the Mary Farnham school for girls(Presby), the Lowrie school for boys (Presby), a church which used to be Presby. but is now one of the Church of Christ in China--C. C. C. as it is designated and community center in the heart of a Chinese center, known as Nantao (nantow) Christian Institute. One striking thing in all of these was the beautiful lawns and trees about these institutions. No where--or in but few places else--does one see green grass in Shanghai and none at all in the Chinese center.

Skin diseases are rife--just in passing by I saw, scabies, impetigo, ringworm of the scalp, small pox and measles and

boils by the score. At least those were my snapshot diagnoses --be sure I did not examine them very closely! and it is always possible to be in error.

The policemen were interesting--Chinese in blue jackets and shorts and dark leggings and shoes and Sikhs in khaki turbans, jackets and shorts and leggings. All carried either revolvers or rifles. The Sikhs are tall and bearded and very brown. They looked odd among the smaller Chinese.

Of all the schools we saw St. John's University was the only one with the buildings in the Chinese type of architecture. It is very attractive and I liked their campus best. Our car had a flat tire there and while it was being fixed we had more time for observing the place.

When I went in to mail a letter the other day the ship's postmaster wanted to know if I lived at South Prairie, His son teaches a school near there and he couldn't remember the place so I named off Sumner, Buckley, Enumclaw--"That's it, Enumclaw", The postmaster Mr. McGibbon, is a very talkative soul and he knows the history of everyone who has ever traveled on the same boat with him--if he can get said history!--and he tries hard enough!

Adios--perhaps more anon.

Yours

Esther

P. 27-a — at end of book

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Hongkong, China
September 15,1930

Dear Folks:

Three days ago we came into the celebrated Hongkong harbor. The time since has been filled with many new experiences! We were met by Miss Moninger and Mr. Thomas of the Hainan Mission. Miss Moninger is en route north to Shanghai to China Council meeting and Mr. Thomas and family are on their way to Hainan from furlough. They had come from Los Angeles via Honolulu on the President Pierce and had several days of very rough weather (people were rolled out of their beds and meals weren't served because the dishes couldn't be made to stay on the tables,. Since their arrival here they have been unable to get a boat to Hainan. Now we all plan to go down together on the Gustav Diedericksen--a Danish boat and a new vessel--so we should be comfortable.

Mrs. Thomas is rather large--but not heavy--i.e. not fat--is blonde and I like her. The children are wonderfully well behaved. David is eleven, Daniel, ten, Jean, seven, Robert, four and Richard, three months. They all look very much alike--narrow faces and big eyes and blonds. Jean is darker than any of the others and she is a nice child. I'm quite taken with David and Daniel.

Miss Moninger is about 40, I judge--plump and blue-eyed with wavy dark hair. She is very pleasant and capable. Like her muchly. She used to be a Latin teacher before she came out here 15 years ago and when she was home after and during the unpleasantness here she taught Latin for a couple of years before returning. She is a very fine person to be with.

Miss Moninger helped us get our banking straightened out--the missionaries do their banking at the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation here. Our checks are deposited there and we check on accounts there from Hainan. I turned in $100 in traveler's checks, the $10 draft I had received as a gift and one of the bills of exchange given me by the Board--the $50.00 one. The $160.00 thus turned in gave me an account of $493.40 in Hongkong money at the present rate of exchange. It seems almost incredible that one U. S. dollar is equivalent to more than three dollars here. It goes quite a ways, too, tho' things are correspondingly high. For example, Miss M. and I were looking for curtains for the house we will live in(I couldn't have used the others anyway, Alice, for they would be too short) The average price was $1.25 per yard --or about 40 cents U. S. money. So it isn't so much cheaper after all. I had to get some things and these are my purchases:

Tin bathtub	-$ 3.50
Commode	- 11.00
Chest of drawers	- 20.00
Desk	- 20.00
Mirror	- 5.50
Chairs--2	- 5.60
Pith Helmet	- 8.50
Total	$74.10 or $24.70 (US gold)

The furniture is of teakwood--is plain but well made.

One couldn't buy all that at home for less than 25 dollars, I know, but still its due to Miss Moninger's help I was able to bargain and get what I did. I'm going to buy some wicker chairs and a footstool and some cretonne yet. Am glad I waited til here before getting the furniture tho' for freight on it would have been high.

Yesterday it started to rain--a steady downpour. It continued thro' the nite and is still at it. At times it is pretty windy too. Since the rain started it hasn't been too hot for me, but it was plenty warm before. We are supposed to start for Haimam tomorrow noon but won't if it is windy. The captain of the Gustav Diederichsen knows these waters and the Hainan Straits can be dangerous in rough weather--so here we are. Phillips house, where we are staying, is maintained by missionaries for missionaries who are en route to and from stations as we are. It is a rather old, and old-fashioned dwelling but the beds are quite comfortable and the meals are excellent. Have slept under mosquite nets here for the first time--and will from now on, I expect.

I'll be glad to get to Kachek and get settled--have been living in suitcases quite long enough for me. Have worn my dotted voile dress a lot--and washed it once. The other voile dresses have come in for their share but I haven't washed them yet. The peach voile needs washing tho'. They are all Okeh, too. The green dotted voile is going to be very practical.

Must close. Much love to all of you. Esther

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September 22, 1930

Dear Folks:

I believe I wrote from Hongkong a day or so before we started down here. We had to wait and wait for a steamer. Finally on Sept. 17 the steamer company phoned that the vessel was leaving at 1.30 PM that day. It 10:30 AM when they called and Mr. Thomas and Mr. French had gone over to the city for some purchases. Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. French and I hastened to do what packing was necessary and then got the baggage down stairs ready for the dray. But here things move more slowly than at home. No. I boy at the Phillips house, who speaks English and can look after baggage was down meeting another vessel. Mr. Burnside, manager at Phillips house, said it was unsafe to trust luggage to anyone else, especially since the vessel wasn't at a dock but anchored in the harbor and we would need to take a launch out to her. Furthermore Mr. Thomas had a car to get aboard the vessel and no one knew where he was. Finally Mr. Burnside called the steamer office and said we simply couldn't get aboard by 1:30 and to hold the steamer 'til 4:00 PM. They agreed to do it but we had no guarantee they would! About a quarter after one Mr. Thomas and Mr. French sauntered up--in entire ignorance of the turn of events. Then things began to move. Fortunately for us, No. I boy came back about then, too, and he marshalled the baggage into two trucks--there were about 30 pieces all told,--besides the typewriters, Boston bags, briefcases, etc, that all of us carried. And it was raining--pouring--steadily! We got taxis and went to the pier and after ten minutes or so Mr. Burnside and No. I boy made a Chinese launch owner understand what was wanted but neither he nor any of us knew where the steamer was anchored. So we set out down the harbor scanning the names of vessels as we passed. Finally, I sighted a vessel and as we came nearer made out the name 'Gustav Diederichsen'. We boarded her safely, but Mr. Thomas and his car were not yet aboard and we lived in anxiety until he came. Then we sailed--at 4:30 PM. Such a day. The 'Gustav' is a small vessel but nearly new and so quite clean. The cabins are very small about half-or less-the size of those on the President Jackson. The beds were regular bunks one above the other. Opposite them was a settee and in between a lavatory with a cover which served as a table. There was scanty room for two persons in the cabin. The

dining room was crowded, too. The captain and other officers were Danes--very pleasant and accomodating.

One pretty sight that evening was just about dusk as we were leaving the last of the little islands behind and heading out to open sea. The sea was a full, dark green with silver lights on the waves which were toward the west. The nearer islands were deep purple outlined against the sea. The farther islands were lavendar with hazy outlines blending into the lavendar and gray tones of the sky. The colors of the sky were various and changing shades of lavendar and mauve with gray scudding clouds and an occasional rosy tint as clouds would let thro' the fading glory of the sunset. The colors were quite wonderful--all gradations of the shade of purple from its richest hue 'til it faded out and lost its identity in the clouds.

About 9:00 the next morning we caught our first sight of Hainan--a low line against the horizon. This became gradually a low sandy coastline with occasional rocky points and reefs. About one-thirty we saw Hoihow--white and red and yellow buildings along a low coast. We anchored in midchannel for Hoihow has no harbor--mudflats at low tide and shallow water at high. We happened to come in at the flow of the tide and soon out from the city came junks with sails widespread and they resembled nothing so much as big yellow butterflies as they dipped and rose with wind and wave, and came straight toward us--a flock of over twenty of them.

There were 3 or 400 Chinese in the steerage and as the junks came near enough these persons and the men in the boats began to bargain about being transported ashore. And such a racket! Each person calling at the top of his voice and seemingly enjoying it all. The junks crowded close about the stairs let down along the ships side and the most of the occupants swarmed aboard to dicker and bargain further with the Chinese. A 'boy' from the hospital came and all our luggage was entrusted to him and he made arrangements to get it ashore. The customs men invited the women and children to go ashore in their junk and we accepted as it would mean no expense and a quicker trip in a cleaner vessel. So Mrs. Thomas and her 5 children, Mrs. Frrench, Miss Forbes and myself, of our party --and Mr. Frost and Mr. Davey--Englishmen in the employ of Asiatic Petroleum Co. went in the customs junk. We were anchored about 3 miles from the city--and the trip in was my first experience in a sailing vessel. The junk is shaped like any sailing vessel, has one mast with a matting sail something like this-- One man sits at the stern and guides the boat--another squats at the bow and manipulates the sail. By using the wind to advantage, by zigzag tacks, we reached the customs wharf about 4:30. The Hoihow waterfront is far from inviting because so much of the time it is mud instead of water. It is said it would be useless to dredge the harbor because the river brings down so much silt it fills right up and the rise and fall of the tide constantly changes the contour of the sand bars out toward the channel.

There are the ruins of two old forts near the harbor--if so it may be dignified. Just when they were built or used I haven't been able to learn--but probably by the French at the time they were conquering and acquiring French Indo-China across the Gulf of Tonkin to the west of Hainan.

Arrived in the city we were met by Mrs. Steiner, Dr. Bercovitz and Dr. Seaton who took us via rickshaw to the mission compound. This is a walled enclosure containing the Hoi-how Hospital, a church and the residences of Dr. Bercovitz, Mr. Steiner, the nurses, and a cottage for visiting or resting missionaries and now occupied by Mrs. Tappan and family.

Let me now try to describe my fellow workers here. Some day I'll try to have pictures, too, to send.

Dr. Bercovitz is a tall, well built, 'large abdomened' man. He is very dark with penetrating brown eyes and a large and pleasant smile. He is energetic--and, I suspect, a bit temperamental. Mrs. Bercovitz is small with black coarse hair with some gray in it. Her eyes are blue and deepset. She is sort of enthusiastic and 'gushy' in her greetings and speech. They have four children--two in the American school at Shanghai and two at home. These here are Hohm, a slender dark eyed lad of about twelve and Peter, also dark eyes, about five. The Bercovitz house is spacious and nice looking. They have a grand piano and Mrs Bercovitz plays and sings very, very well.

Dr. Seaton has just returned from furlough but hasn't been able to get down to Nodoa as yet because of the roads. The rain has been quite persistent in this area, too, as well as at Hongkong. Dr. Seaton is slender, medium height, blue eyes, blonde hair which is getting quite thin on top. Mrs. Seaton is very pretty, dark hair, blue eyes, is definitely inclined to plumpness. She isn't as tall as I, and is plumper, tho' she may not weigh as much. Their two children, Ronald and Wallace, 4 and 2 respectively, are cute children but rather spoiled (or so it seems to me.)

Mrs. Steiner is tall and fat--and I mean, fat. She is a big woman in every way--blonde hair and blue eyes. She is very jolly and has a deep, hearty laugh. I like her. Mr. Steiner I saw in Shanghai--he has dark hair but rather blue gray eyes. They have two girls--one is at school in Shanghai --the other is a blonde little nine year old.

Mrs. Tappan has been upon this compound for some time tho' Kachek is her station. She isn't very well and is resting here now. She is of mediom height, very thin, not at all pretty but has an attractive way with folks. She is blonde, too, tho' her eyes seem to have bits of brown in them. Mr. Tappan is about her height and build with blue, blue, eyes and dark lashes, tho' his hair is white. They have two children --Stanton, who looks more like his mother and is, perhaps ,

eight, and Ruth, who is a sweet pretty child with her fathers eyes and is about six, I imagine.

Miss McCreery is blonde and not at all as I had pictured her. Nicer. She is very thin and angular and wears glasses. She is full of pep and energy and fun. She's a good nurse.

Miss Forbes--had I described her?--is the other nurse. She is medium height, rather well filled out but not fat, has red brown hair and brown eyes. Her teeth are nice and white but very irregular and give her mouth an odd appearance --similar to Lizzie Kraft's.

But, we new folks didn't stay in Hoihow tho' the Thomases and Miss Forbes did. Three miles away is Kiumgchow and so to the compounds here we were brought. On one side of the road is the church and boys school and residence of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. On the other is the girls school and the residence of Miss Chapin and Miss Skinner. The Rrenchs stay with the Campbells and I am with the Ku-niangs or Misses.

Mr. Campbell must be close to 60, if not over, slender, gray haired with deep set, twinkling blue eyes. Mrs. Campbell is also gray-haired--her blue eyes are rather prominent and she is a woman of decided opinions. When she says 'Wilber' (her husband), 'Wilber' steps!

Miss Skinner is a thin, gray haired woman of about the same age as the Campbells, with kindly blue eyes. She is about the nicest person I've met yet--understanding and helpful.

Miss Chapin is around 40, I judge from her term of service but she doesn't look it. She has deep blue eyes with dark lashes and brows and lovely wavy hair. She's very short with a tendency to plumpness tho' she isn't too heavy a bit. She is definitely attractive. I like her too. She isn't very well tho' and is quite eagerly anticipating her furlough this next year.

We don't know how long we will be here but hope we can get down to Kachek by the end of this week. One thing that has delayed matters is getting the Thomas car off the ship. By the morning of the 19th the waves were too high for any vessel to attempt going out. On the 20th there were three more steamers at anchor out there in the channel but no cargo could be moved becuase of the rough sea. The custons men could-'nt even board the vessels. Last nite another vessel came to anchor out there. We were lucky to get ashore when we did. But the car is still out there and he can't go down to Kachek until he gets it off. Then they are to get settled and have a cook ready for us before we go in. So--no one knows when we will see Kachek.

We attended the Chinese service here yesterday. It was all in Hainanese tho' I recognized the music of the Doxology and Gloria and Holy, Holy, Holy, etc. There were some 150 or

so persons present--about 2/3 of each school came. Attendance cannot be compulsory since the government has required registration of the schools and has forbidden any religious teaching in the schools. The girls go to chapel each AM and PM but go either to the church or to one of the residences. Then, the government can say nothing because it is not in the school buildings.

The girls school has an attendance of about 95 and the boys school--65. The principals and most of the teachers are Chinese. Miss Chapin teaches math and English in the girls school and the American teacher in boys school is a Mr. McGinnis--born in China but has been in America in school. He isn't thro' college yet but worked his way to China this summer as a member of the crew of the President Pierce. After visiting his folks he was offered the job of teacher here for a year and took it. He is medium height and fat and blonde and tho' he doesn't speak Hainanese knows Mandarin and some Cantonese and a lot about the Chinese and is rather hard-boiled and cocky about them.

The Campbells and Miss Skinner do the evangelistic work hereabouts.

In general, the country is quiet. There are rumors of disturbances here and there but most of these are either in the south of the island or over toward Nodoa. Kachek is said to be very peaceful now.

Some of the women attending church yesterday had walked eight miles to get here and had the same walk back afterward. And it rained and rained! The Chinese pastor preached from the text "But we preach Christ crucified", and from the summary I was given afterwards it was a good sermon.

Am learning a few words. My Chinese name is Mâu Fōng-Mǒé. I will be called Mâu I-tae (Dr. Mâu) or Mâu Ku-niang (Miss Mâu). These are pronounced Mǒw Fōng Moy; Mǒw Ē-tě; Mǒw Kǒo-nyáng. The Chinese character for Mâu is 毛, I can't manage the other characters,yet!

Under separate cover, am enclosing some cross-word puzzles from the South China Morning Post. They are quite British and so tho't you might be interested in seeing them .

The money here is higher than Hongkong money, i.e.--for every dollar Hongkong one gets $1.20 Hainan money--Okeh when coming this way but a sore trial when going back to Hk!

There are only two coins and no paper money here. The coins are dollars and pennies. One dollar is worth about 200 of the coppers. 'Cash' is not used anymore. If it was it would take about 7000 of them to make one American dollar. A cash is a copper coin with a square hole in the middle. Just fancy carrying all that money around when shopping. I had a Hongkong $5.00 bill changed and got 5 silver dollars and

100 coppers. The coppers are about the size and weight of a quarter. Will send you some coins for your collection if you wish, Ruth.

Must cease now and go to lunch. Please pass this around to all the folks, Dad. I'm going to have to write in this way for a time, I expect.

Much love to all of you. Let me know all that goes on.

Yours--
Esther Morse.

P. S: It has just been arranged that our Chinese lessons begin tomorrow. These will be just certain phrases and the like but will get us started while here.

The rainfall at Hongkong for the 24 hours ending 10:00--Sept. 18 was 8.25 inches. Total rainfall since January 1st--84.61. Average rainfall is 71.74. And some days are damper than that!

Adios--
Esther.

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Kiungchow
October 4, 1930

Dear Folks:

Before this can possibly reach you you will have celebrated your birthdays, Papa and Clayton. I did try to get a letter off in time for the 9th and had hoped to do similarly for you, A. C.. but my plans didn't work out! Anyway, I wish you many happy returns. Will be thinking of you often.

On the 2nd I received your letter, Dad--I believe you wrote it on the first of September. Was very pleased for it and the news it contained. Will try to answer all your letters soon.

Since I wrote last a week ago--addressing it to Alice--we've had one lovely, sunny day which was very hot, too. Then it began to rain again. Since that one hot day the weather--atmosphere--air, what shall I call it?--has been perceptibly cooler. Folks here are so used to heat that the cool wind rather freezes them up! Today is bright again but is cool--is really a typical early fall day--only the waving palm trees are bright green foliage aren't in harmony with my previous conception of fall weather! The days are getting shorter, too.

On that one bright day, Dr. Bercovitz, Mr. Thomas and Mr. French all went down to Kachek. When roads are good it is about a three hour auto trip. It took them six hours to go down and about the same back. They got stuck several times with a Ford, so it is a question of Mr. Thomas' heavier

car could make it and certainly no truck could take our boxes, trunks, etc. down yet. So here we are for a while. Am getting restless to get down there, now.

We have continued our language study under Miss Skinner's direction and today we had a Chinese teacher--Mrs. Foa, (Fwà- a as in father). I think she will help us ahead pretty fast too. They are trying to teach us to recognize characters now--and such hen tracks!

Thursday--October 2nd--Dr and Mrs Bercovitz gave a dinner for the mission M. D.'s and the M. D.'s from the city. Dr. Chu, Dr. and Mrs. Li (Lēē-ē), Dr. and Mrs. Seaton and myself were the guests. Dr. Chu is a native Hainanese from down in Kachek neighborhood--he started his education in the mission school and with the help of Dr. Lasell, who used to be at Kachek, went to Yale-in-China at Changsha and later to P. U. M. C.--Peking Union Medical College. After some years of practice and teaching elsewhere he returned here and with the aid and backing of the Hoihow commercial club and other interests put up a modern hospital in Hoihow--which has all the newest and best of modern equipment. He, being Chinese, can do many things it isn't possible for foreigners to do, and he is instituting changes in the ideas of the people who are his patients which are going to enable us tomake changes in our routine ultimately. He is very capable, very friendly to the missionaries, a good raconteur and a splendid fellow all around. He is one of those persons who can enjoy, and enjoy telling, jokes on himself!

Dr. Li was born in Singapore and had his medical education at Ann Arbor--is an A. O. A.--an able eye, ear, nose, and throat man. He has had some work in Europe and some work at P. U. M. C. He speaks better English than Dr. Chu tho' one must admire the latter for the way he has come with but little save his own native ability to back him. Mrs. Li was born and educated in Honolulu. She speaks English beautifully with practically no accent. She and Dr. Li met in Tientsin some years ago and were married. They have three children. I like Dr. Li better than Dr. Chu so far, tho' all the mission folks admire Dr. Chu tremendously and speak so well of him.

On Tuesday evening we had real Chinese food at the home of Mrs. Steiner--had to use chop sticks entirely. I managed fairly well tho' I was rather slowed up because of them! I can't begin to tell you all we had--there were eight or nine courses. I liked it all except the dessert which is considered a great delicacy. It is a steamed dessert consisting of rice, raisins, lotus seeds, ginger, etc. et al. It is called Eight Precious Fruits. When I know more about the foods served I'll try to describe them to you.

One custom here which always amuses me is the 'ringing' of silver coins before accepting them. The missionaries do it as well as anyone--too much spurious silver is in circulation

to do otherwise--but it looks funny to see everyone 'ring' the dollars, either with another dollar or by dropping it on the floor or table. Saw Dr. Bercovitz refuse a dollar that didn't ring true the other day.

Am well and not losing any weight--still tip the scales at 170 ½#. Best of wishes in all your plans. Get a good rest, Ruth,--am sure you are enjoying being relatively quiet for a time. Hurray! Dad , for the funds from the East. Am glad of that. Much love to all of you.

Yours---Esther.

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Kachek, Hainan Island
October 12, 1930

Dear Ruth:

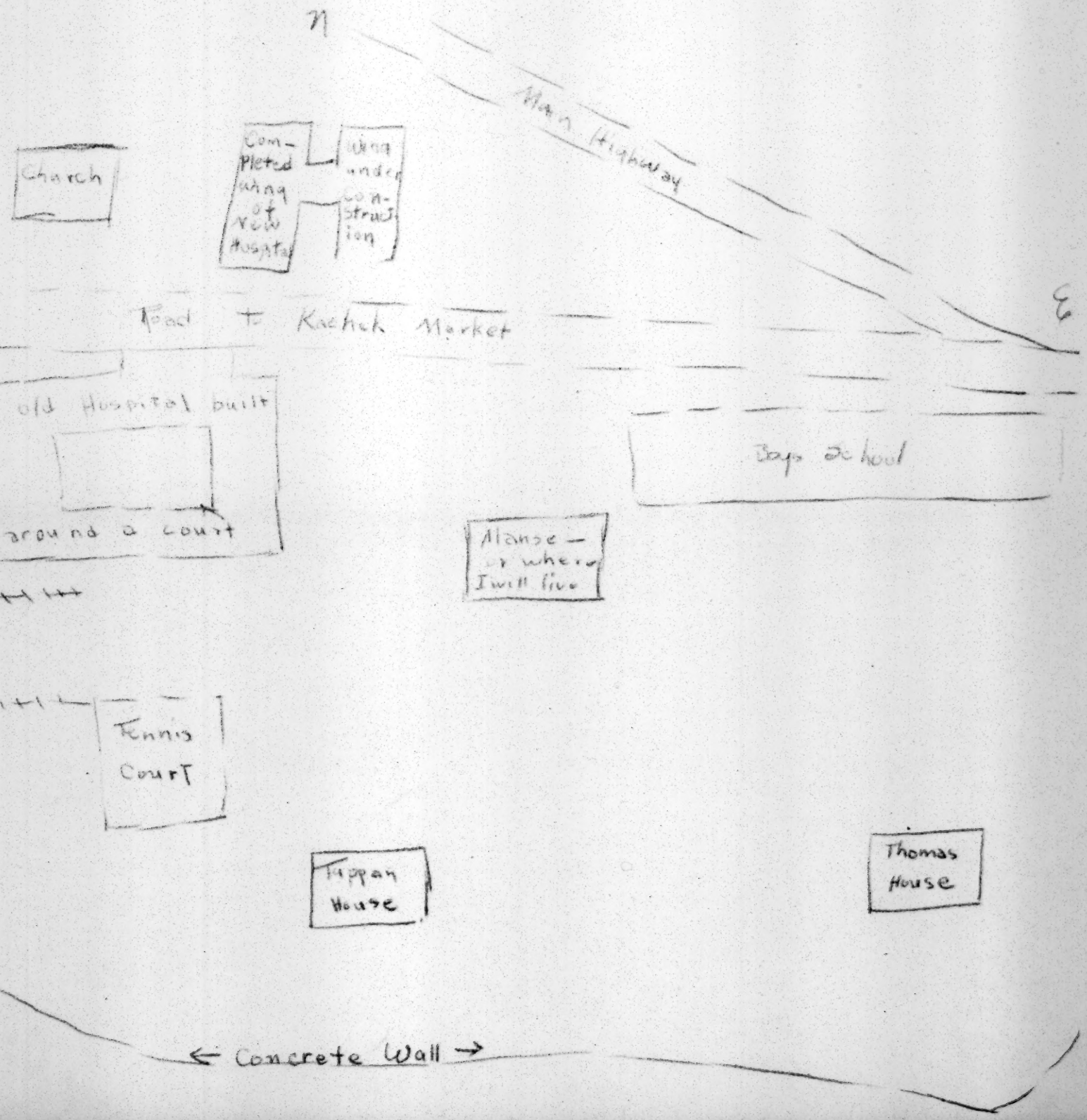
Yes--we're actually here in Kachek. We came down on Wednesday. Our various flittings from place to place always seem to be hurried--our departure from Hongkong was on a few hours notice and so was this one down here. On the afternoon of the 7th we had all been invited to the compound at Kiung-chow, where the Campbell's live, for a birthday party--a surprise party on Mr. French, whose birthday is the 12th, and on Mr. McGinnis whose birthday is the 7th. There were 29 of us there--only one person of the whole mission force at the two stations being absent. We had hot rolls and cake and tea--a very enjoyable session. We dispersed about 6:00 and about 9:00 PM word was sent us that we would leave for Kachek at 9:00 AM next day and to have our trunks and bags ready at 7:00 AM. Of course, so exact an hour as mentioned scarcely ever means exactly that out here so we didn't rush too much but I did my packing that nite and was ready at the appointed time. The cars didn't leave 'til 10:30! It is 75 miles down here and we got here at 3:30 PM. The Thomas family--7 of them and their amah (nurse for the baby)--were in one car and in Dr. Bercovitz' car were, Dr. B., Dr. Lee, a Chinese woman M. D., Tsok Si a Hainanese woman who is to be matron of the hospital here, Mr. and Mrs. French and myself--and our hand luggage! Mr. Thomas drives rather slowly--wisely, over these roads--tho' Dr. B. would have had the car at 35 miles most of the time if he had been leading. As it was we traveled at 20 to 25 miles most of the way. About 1:00 we had lunch and then got stuck in a mudhole shortly after, and later had a flat tire and then some engine trouble, so our time was not all consumed in traveling!!

The roads aren't so bad tho'. To people who had never known any but California highways before coming here these would be very bad indeed--but to one who had known Holt County roads--they are quite good! The soil is volcanic ash, principally--a red brown color--muck when wet but a fine hard surface when dry. In places the road was as shiny as if oil had been used on it--and perfectly hard. The highway is one of least resistance, winding in and out among hills and gullies.

About 3 miles from Kiungchow we had to ferry the Golden River --from then on the country seemed to rise quite steadily-- at first rolling hills and plains, and then more rugged foothills. There is a lot of brush and small trees all over but no very large timber. Many of the hills are terraced clear to the top, evidence of cultivation at some time tho' not nearly all of the terraces are cultivated, now. The terraces that are no longer cultivated are grown over with grass and rather closely grazed so that they have a velvety appearance. There are shrubs and bushes growing along the margins of the terraces in places, and the effect is rather that of formal landscaping in some places.

We passed pineapple plantations on our way--many rice fields--and one coffee plantation. Bananas are grown in places too. There are so many kinds of bananas here--little short yellow ones with very sweet rather orange colored centers, red skinned bananas and green skinned ones which are nice and ripe inside. Have had guavas and persimmons out here for the first time too.

The compound here at Kachek is larger than any other on the island--has some 20-odd acres--is enclosed partly by a reinforced concrete wall and partly by high woven fencing. There are three dwellings, the boys and the girls schools and the old hospital within these walls and fences. The church and the new hospital are on mission property but are not yet fenced in. The buildings are not set quite square with the directions but sufficiently so that I am not confused, praise be! They are all built of native brick and stone which is gray and very attractive when new. It soons molds, however, and gets to be a dull, dirty mottled color. The roofs are of tile. All the dwellings have wide verandas on both lower and upper floors and most of these are screened in. There are more palm trees here than at the City but the lovely hibiscus does not grow well here--so there is not so much of bright color on the compound as up at Kiungchow. The compound slopes from the West to the east and there is quite a little ravine in the South east corner of the compound. An approximate idea of the compound is sketched below:



To the west are the blue outlines of mountain ranges--and we are told on clear days one can see distant ranges even beyond these. These are probably about 3 to 4000 feet high and ranges in the interiof have a height of 6000 feet. To the north are the plains or low rolling land that reaches to the sea 12 miles away.

The dwellings are 2 storeys high, as are also the girls school building and the new hospital. All others have only one storey. This compound seems more primitive and countrified than the others because of the distances in it but it someway has an air of comfort and restfulness and security that I felt in neither of the others and I feel at home here already.

My room in the Manse (so-called because it was the first of the dwellings built here and has housed more ministers than any other people I guess!) will not be ready for about a week--maybe longer. Meanwhile I am staying in the Tappan house with the French's.

Just before I left Kiungchow the sewing woman came to sew for Miss Skinner and she had her make up one of my pieces of goods--the striped dimity with orange figure in it. She made it in about a day--a little over--at the rate of 40¢ per day--and did a very nice job of it. Had it made simply with long waist and full skirt.

Had to see if I couldn't rig up some uniforms, too, because Dr. Bercovitz wants me to go over to the hospital once or twice a week to check up on Dr. Lee who is just out of medical school. So I took the sleeves out of one of the old jackets and put them in the sleeveless dress and cut them off for short sleeves and they are going to work all right. I think I can fix up about 2, or maybe 5, of the old uniforms that way.

The weather here is about what October weather would be at home-~~xxx~~ i.e. in Nebraska--bright, warm sunny days with cool nights. We haven't had any rain now for over a week tho' today is rather cloudy--and quite cool.

Last Sunday was Communion Sunday at Kiungchow--or Big Sunday--as its called here. It was a nice service. The people were as quiet and reverent as one could hope for in any church. Next Sunday will be Big Sunday here. They are expecting a large group of people in from the surrounding villages for the service.

On our way down here Wednesday we passed one village which is practically entirely Christian. There are not many like it.

We expect to go on with our language study here this coming week. I had hoped to be settled before beginning to study but that seems out of the question.

Dr. Bercovitz told me to take pictures of the hospital, etc, and he would develop the films for me in his X ray dark room, tho' he wouldn't attempt doing the printing. Even that will help.

Am wearing my white shoes now and like them better than I thot I would. They are long enough so my feet don't look quite as huge as I feared.

Thank you, Ruth, for all the work and care you took in getting the daily missives and gifts ready for me. I appreciated them all as the day for each one came and am enjoying them again now. And many thanks to each of you for your gifts--I'm using them all and thinking of you the while.

My love to you--

Yours--

Esther

In looking over your letter again-- Yes, I tho't it was Faye and her husband I was waving at. I waved as long as I could see anyone standing there--but, of course, it was much too far away to distinguish individuals.

Please give my greetings to the Glabais--if I hadn't already sent them. I like to think that you can go over there to listen to the radio sometimes. Get him to show you that game of throwing darts--it is fun!

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Kachek--
October 20, 1930

Dear Folks:

Your letters came this past week--two from Ruth, one from Dad and one from A. C. They were most welcome and the pictures are fine--all but that one of me taken in the group out at Faye and Blaines! That one of me makes me think of the family group Allyns had taken last winter, in which Mabel is "reared up" with the same sort of smile on her face.! All the others are fine.

Was sorry to hear of Mrs. Brengan's death--will try to write Gretta soon. Have wanted to write but this living in some one else's home isn't exactly conducive to calm thinking or living--and I need some quiet for letter-writing! Am hoping to be in my own room inside of another week and I'll be grateful, sure enough.

Dr. Bercovitz bro't Miss Moninger down to Kachek on Saturday and she is making things 'step' around here now. She's from the middle west and has more energy than anyone else here almost. Yesterday was Communion Sunday here--Big Sunday it is called--and people began coming in from the villages for it on Friday evening, and all day Saturday. There were about 500 present in church. Not all were communicants however. Pastor Ngon, the Chinese pastor, had charge of the service and

preached for nearly an hour from Titus 3: 2. Those who could understand said it was a good sermon. I made note of the words I could understand and 'got' 40 of them Forty words out of an hour's sermon isn't very many, but forty words after a month on the island isn't so bad, either--so I'm told.

On Saturday nine candidates for baptism were examined and six accepted. All of the six had been under the influence of the Gospel for 10 years but had never felt they knew enough to be examined before. Three of the six are young men--really boys, bro't up in Christian homes. One was an older man with gray in his hair--a farmer, whose sons had been in mission schools. One son had died while in school, a second was killed by communists while the last one was captured by bandits not two weeks ago and his fate is not yet known. The missionaries say this man is a very fine character.

At first the group was rather noisy as all Chinese congregations are, but during the prayer they quieted down and a fervent, united amen came from the men at the close of the prayer. (The men sit on one side of the church and the women on the other.) There was some confusion at times during the service caused by children and dogs in the church but in general it was a nice service. Two babies were baptized and the six men. The communion service went off smoothly. Mr. Tappan and Mr. Thomas assisted in this service.

Even to a novitiate it was an impressive service.

The last two days have been clear and warm. I took several pictures--hope they will turn out Okeh. They tell me there is haze here that requires more time and a wider stop than similar lighting at home. So I'm still experimenting. Will try to send some when I do get them but it may be some time yet.

The room I'm to live in is being painted and varnished today so I'm encouraged about it. Am so anxious to be settled. I'm still living out of my suitcase.

Our language teacher comes every day from 9:30 to 11:30 AM and from 2 to 3:30 PM. I think after we are settled more we'll try to study from 7 to 8 AM and from 9:30 to 11:30 or 10 to 12 and not study in the PM at all. We are supposed to either walk or play tennis every day and if we study in the PM it cuts into the PM so much. I wake so early here that I'd be glad to study from 7 to 8 or even earlier.

Mr. Tappan is giving a tea this PM for the Chinese evangelists, pastor, teachers and hospital assistants--and the foreigners, of course. There will be about 40 in the group, I believe.

Adios, my dears.

Your---Esther